

Business Notices.

F. R. ROBINSON'S INDEX.

A perfect directory. It effectually rides the mouth of the tariff which renders the South so impure and disagreeable—it gives the South and strength to the arms, and a clear, plain, and concise to the teeth, preventing premature decay.

Wholesale and Retail. Office, No. 245 Broadway, (opposite the City Hall).

THE STERLING GAS REGULATOR improves the light and saves gas. Warranted by Wm. C. & Wm. S. Sterling, No. 245 Broadway, (opposite the City Hall).

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OUR UNITED STATES SENATOR.

The caucus of the Republican members of the Legislature, held at Albany on Saturday evening, nominated the Hon. Ira Harris of that city to succeed Gov. Seward in the Senate of the United States. Judge Harris was nominated on the tenth ballot. His chief competitors were Mr. William M. Evans and Mr. Horace Greeley. The election takes place to-morrow. As the Republicans have a majority in both branches, Judge Harris will of course be elected. He is a man of marked ability, took a leading part in the Constitutional Convention of 1846, is distinguished as a lawyer, and from July, 1847, to January, 1850, occupied a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the Fifth Circuit. For a man who has been so long engaged in judicial labors, he is remarkably well versed in political affairs. He is a thorough Republican, has many warm friends throughout the State, and his election to this important post will be gratifying to the great body of the party. He is a man of graceful presence, is a ready and easy speaker, and will no doubt take a leading part in the deliberations of the Senate. Upon the vital issues which now divide the country, we do not question that his course will fully justify the confidence reposed in him by his great constituency. He was a Whig of rather radical tendencies, an admirer of John Quincy Adams; and though his judicial functions long withheld him from the political arena, he is a firm and uncompromising friend of the principles which triumphed in the recent Presidential contest.

THE END OF COTTON.

Our Southern cotton lords are prone to think and boast that, in all the wide world, none but themselves can grow cotton. Some of them may have grown rich by the patriarchal institution, but all have become intolerably insolent. The world is not the dependent pauper on their fibrous bounty that they suppose it to be. They forget that cotton-growing once had a beginning, even with them; that it was feeble and unpromising; and that to the inventive skill of a Northern mind all the commercial importance it ever had may be traced. Even in its present day of commercial ascendancy, Northern workshops supply the machinery which saves it from perishing in the fields where it is grown. All the great staples of the world have risen from beginnings equally feeble, into powerful power, enough to lift up nations to permanent opulence. Only fifty years ago, the first cargo of coffee was exported from Brazil, yet that country now supplies two-thirds of all the coffee consumed by the world. Previous to the revolution in St. Domingo, that island exported 77,000,000 pounds of coffee per annum. Europe was almost wholly dependent on that little spot for its constantly increasing consumption, just as it is on us for cotton now. The revolution of 1792 nearly destroyed the coffee culture in St. Domingo, and transplanted it to other regions, Brazil among the number. In 1808 the whole Brazilian crop was only 30,000 bags; but in 1854 the export to the United States alone was 117,000,000 pounds. It is now so thoroughly domesticated in Brazil as to be the pivot on which the whole exchanges of the country turn. Cotton has never accomplished more for us than coffee has done for Brazil; yet its great stimulant, the cotton gin, was invented nearly twenty years before the latter country entered systematically on the coffee culture. With this long start in the race, coffee has still overtaken cotton. The great fact must be apparent that the moment the commercial world discovered its supply of coffee was in danger of permanent interruption, new fields of cultivation were immediately resorted to, and with so much success as to degrade the original field into permanent insignificance.

Commercial history is full of similar transmutations. Rice is not more indigenous to this country than coffee is to Brazil. In that country only a single tree was growing in 1771. The first rice was raised in South Carolina from seeds brought from Madagascar toward the close of the 17th century. It was soon discovered that the marshy ground of that colony produced an article vastly superior to any grown in India. Its cultivation extended so rapidly, that in 1794 the export was 15,000 tonnes. This immediately displaced an equal quantity in foreign markets. In time, as cultivation extended from one colony to another, the whole British supply was drawn from America, and India was measurably driven from the European markets. From the handful of Malagascars seeds, the rice culture has expanded into the colossal staple of thirteen Slave States. In 1850, the production was 215,000,000 pounds, of which South Carolina alone produced 75 per cent, and the export that year was valued at \$2,631,000. When St. Domingo revolted, that island produced large quantities of rice, and competed with British India in supplying Europe. But the revolution stopped its culture; India fell heir to the whole trade, and retains it to this day. It was also superseded in Brazil by coffee. The introduction of rice into South Carolina drove indigo out of that colony also, though the article there produced was known in Europe as superior to all others, so much so, as to sell for double price. Here are three prime staples of commerce, every one of which has changed the place of its production, sometimes impoverishing one country by its loss, and sometimes enriching others by its adoption. While speaking of these changes, we may inquire what is to be the fate of American sugar? In 1837 this country produced 65,000,000 pounds, but the production now must be near 500,000,000. If revolution destroyed the vast coffee culture of Hayti, what better luck will it bring to sugar in Louisiana? In 1858 and 1859 she received \$29,000,000 for her sugar crops. How much of this would revolution leave?

It thus appears that great national staples are not always permanent fixtures. They rise and fall from both political and climatic causes. Coffee at one time rose in England to 37 cents a pound, because the Haytian revolution had decreased the usual supply. All the world of commerce set itself to extend the cultivation, and soon restored the equilibrium of price. Let Europe be again alarmed by the high price of any other staple, and she will promptly apply the same remedy. There is no such thing as an inviolable monopoly of any commercial product. Let it once begin to tyrannize, and the beginning of the end is at hand. Apply these facts and principles to cotton, and how stands the case? Our cotton region is convulsed with revolution, and the price is going up. England, France, and Germany, the great consumers, have taken the alarm. They see the revolution and feel the advance. They all understand the teachings of history. The London Times utters its fears of dear cotton and idleness.

workmen, and insists that the nation shall be freed from its pitiable dependence on us. The

London Daily News says: "We must lose no time in promoting the growth of cotton wherever it will grow. The obvious method is to strengthen the hands of the Cotton Supply Association, and of every society which can satisfy us of its ability to grow what we want, within our own boundaries or elsewhere. The case is in our own hands. Australia or India could give us all we want; but not without some pains on our own part. We must take what we can get from America while preparing our own crops; but we must be ready to dispense with any amount of American cotton when we are not to grow in an atmosphere of political and social revolution."

The *Saturday Review* says that

"With opportunities at least equal to our dangers—with the whole tropical world open to our influence and the most populous of tropical countries under our scepter—it will be national suicide if we do not strain every nerve to emancipate ourselves from moral servitude to a community of slave-owners."

The French Press has also taken the alarm, and calls upon the nation to emancipate itself from dependence on American cotton. In England, "no cotton" is synonymous with revolution, just as "no bread" is equally portentous in France.

Can Europe do as she desires to? In the end she undoubtedly will. The astounding delusion has obtained currency that this country only could supply the world with cotton. Hayti might have presumed as much of her coffee. But the fallacy is now exploded. The world has waked from its infatuation. The earth has millions of acres of cotton land superior to ours, crowded with idle laborers waiting for some one to employ them. Europe is now determined to set them to work. In Central America cotton everywhere abounds. China produces six times as much as all our Slave States, and could readily produce more. France and England knew this when they were marching on Peking for a treaty which would open free egress to this vast empire of cotton. The nations have long been bent on achieving independence of American Slavery. Its nabobs will find in a few years that in grasping at the shadow they have lost the substance. Europe will not be foiled in this tremendous effort, but will throw into the contest her utmost blood and treasure. If rebellion at home does not utterly destroy the Cotton States, twenty years more of European perseverance unquestionably will.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER.

Lieut. Maury, a rather famous person for deep-sea explorations, great circle sailing, and an impracticable scheme for rebuilding Southern commerce, being affected with the position of American affairs, takes his pen and writes a letter to one Gen. W. G. Harding of Tennessee, which letter was published on separate days in a Nashville paper, the document being too heavy for any single issue. What appears to be the first half of the epistle has fallen under our observation; the peroration has not turned up, and the failure of a mail, usually a misfortune, is in this case a grateful relief.

The Lieutenant dates his letter at the National Observatory, and is evidently tickled with the metaphorical idea suggested; but the reader cannot help thinking that the day was lowering, and that the clouds hung very heavily around the place. In the outset he touchingly alludes to the story of Ruth, which he kindly informs his correspondent is in the Bible, and says that if Tennessee finds herself in trouble, he will be Ruth, and that State shall be his Naomi. He then proceeds to complain that the people are so fond of reading "sensational paragraphs" that they cannot be induced to appreciate anything else, from which we are led to infer that the Lieutenant has observed a popular disinclination to peruse his literary performances; but as Gen. Harding is a "cool-headed and quiet man," he thinks it will be safe to exercise his pen on him. He accordingly bursts forth with the mildly jokey question, "What's the matter?" This he answers by saying that "politicians, in their longing after power, have drawn a geographical line; the consequence is, sectional parties, and a derangement of the Federal machinery. 'That's what's the matter!'"

Going on to look a little more closely into the subject, he declares that the trouble appears to be made by the Personal Liberty bills and Slavery in the Territories. But if these existing causes were removed, he asks, would the country be healed? And he replies with an italicized No! Then very unnecessarily begging his correspondent not to be startled, he says that the question with the South is one of empire, and at once falls back upon the Creation and the Deluge to show that the desire for empire is universal. But the South cannot have the empire they want, because, so the Lieutenant seems to think, though he is even unusually foggy just here, all the new States are to choose between Slavery and Freedom, and they will choose the latter. Now, he says, suppose Senator Rice's proposition be adopted, and the Territories be divided into two great States, one Slave and one Free, still the North would have control of Congress, and the consequence still be sectionalism.

The great question then follows: What shall be done to save the Union? And it is here that the chief of the Observatory comes out very strong. He proposes four methods of "restoring the lost balance;" he says there are five, but he must have counted one twice. The first is to have "a dual Executive." The second proposes a division of the Senate into sections, a concurrent vote of both being required to make anything a law. The third will make the protest of two-thirds of the Northern or of the Southern Senators defeat any bill—the advantage of this being that all things would directly be at a dead lock, and legislation would be as hopeless as the attempt of a man to lift himself by his bootstraps. The fourth plan proposes that the Slave States be increased in number by cutting Florida into two, while the number of Free States will be reduced by rolling two or three of the New-England States into one. Even the Professor sees that this might meet with a trifling opposition from Vermont and New-Hampshire; but he very quietly removes such objection by saying that amputation must be cheerfully submitted to in order to save life. The letter then rambles into a painfully confusing sentence about "lost balances," "deranged Federal machinery," "insufficiency of counterpoises"—in the midst of which the compositors, or the form, or the editor's powers of endurance, broke down, and the lesson for the day was hastily brought to an end with "Concluded to-morrow."

One of the annoying and tedious incidents of the present national difficulty is this: That an army of tinkers are sending out their business cards with garrulous offers to mend the broken Confederacy, so that it shall be better than new; and since each tinker has a "connection," more or less extensive, and all his customers firmly believe in his infallible skill, the minds of

great numbers of people are kept in a perpetual and hopeless muddle, and their attention is diverted from the real progress of events. Which is precisely what the Southern traitors wish. Though Lieut. Maury's epistle is wearisome beyond most similar efforts, it yet adds another piece of evidence to the mass, already great, which proves this: that no concession the North, by the most craven humiliation, can make, will come near being satisfactory to the South. The latter do not wish concessions, will not have them; and in searching for the good said to be in everything, we are willing to give the Washington Professor credit for a suggestion he did not intend to make.

A SOUTHERN DIARIST.

Who would not, if he could, read history in perpetual diaries, and so have done forever with philosophic historians and historic philosophers? Who will not join with us in the regret that Noah kept no log? Who does not prefer Peppas to Charendon or Hume? Who can assure us that Walter Scott's journal will not be read long after his romances in prose and verse have been forgotten? Who would barter Byron's memoranda smirched and hasty, for a dozen Childs Harolds and a regiment of Laras, and who would not buy back from the ashes to which mistaken friendship consigned them, those Memoirs burned by Tommy Moore, which would have been cheaply saved to English literature by the destruction of all the peer's poetry. And who will not be enchanted to learn, that amidst the roar of revolution, the din of disunion, and the noise of nullification, an ingenious gentleman of Columbia, S. C., is keeping a journal and printing it by bits in the *Yorkville Enquirer*, thus to use his own noble language "attempting to sketch the rapidly changing features of the times as they vary 'under the influence of events whirling into this we have never read; and if the gentleman goes on at this rate, we know well enough who will be the Xenophon of the War."

The business at Columbia, as we gather from this journal, is principally campanological. They have a new bell in that city, and they ring it continually. On Tuesday, 8th ult., they rang it for the secession of Florida. On Thursday, 10th inst., they rang it for the secession of Mississippi. On Friday, 11th ult., they rang it for the secession of Alabama. On Sunday, the 13th ult., they do not appear to have troubled the bell-rope at all. Upon the 9th ult., having heard of the flight of the Star of the West, the diarist exclaims: "This intelligence did not surprise us. 'We were already looking the reality of war in the face.' Were they? And did they relish the prospect? Smoking cities, blockaded ports, famished wives, starving children, insurgent negroes—did they like the picture? Like it? How can anybody be so simple as to put the question? Like it? We tell you that they pine and pant to be persecuted; they prefer to be wounded; they will be much obliged to the gentlemen who may shoot them! wounds will be welcome; gore will be glorious; houselessness sweeter than hospitality. 'A long and bloody war' looms up before the rolling eye of the editor of the *Yorkville Enquirer* (S. C.). Enquirer as the sunrise of the millennium. An ounce of lead in his claspnet would, we fancy, materially mitigate his ardor."

It was upon Saturday, Jan. 12, while "hand-roads were engaged in training with pistol and rifle," the afternoon, as we are told, being "vocal with the music of preparation," that the diarist made the following entry: "If it were conceivable that all our men be killed, South Carolina need not despair—her women can defend her! The imagination is thus instantly carried back to the old Amazonian legends—to the petticoated squabblers of the King of Dahomey, to Boudicca and Joan of Arc, to sturdy lecturers of the female persuasion burning to do the work of men. It is rather a drawback to find that the Lady Leaders, the Amazonian Artillery, the Female Fusiliers, the Sweet Sugars, the Maiden Miners, the Pretty Provocers, the Side-Saddle Cavalry, will not be wasted until 'all our men are killed.' Not being a woman, and still less a soldier, we cannot undertake to speak with absolute accuracy; but we should be a little dubious about the female fighting after the quietus of all the men. How will Mrs. Col. Cotton be able to lead the Heavy Mothers to the charge, when her martial smile? How will Arabella of the Light Artillery deport herself at the guns, when Augustus sleeps in a soldier's grave? Who believes that the Maid of Saragossa would have rammed the great cannon with such astonishing violence, if there had been no gallant gentlemen looking on?"

To return to our Diary. On Monday, 14th ult., we find the following discouraging entry: "The war does not progress."

As the hearty panteth after the water-brook, and as the thirsty soul panteth after the whisky barrel, so does this man of memoranda pant for blood. Monday the fourteenth was a Blue Monday indeed. Nothing to ring the bells for; no excuse for taking extra drinks; even the smallest subsidizing—how monotonous in Columbia must that day have been! Something of the solitary sensations of Robinson Crusoe must have come over our jolting gentleman, for here his diary comes to a dead stop. He ceases suddenly to chronicle "the rapidly changing features of the times in Columbia;" and begins to abuse Mr. Buchanan as "a poor old man." This we cannot but regard as a gratuitous insult. Poor Mr. Buchanan is not old. He may be, but we are willing to wager dollars against dimes that the President is not half so old as he appears to be. The mistake is a natural one. Good guessers familiar with his proclamations and messages, and computing his years from his driven, would undoubtedly think him somewhat older than Old Parr; but we have good reason for believing that he is very little at all past one hundred. At any rate, however, he is old enough to be spared the insults of those whom he has served well if not wisely; whereas he seems to be rather worse off than Shylock was on the Rialto. Southern gentlemen must spit, we know, but why make poor Old Mr. Buchanan a salivary target? Southern gentlemen must swear, we know; but why call him a liar and a dog? This is inexpressibly shameful! If we were Mr. Buchanan, we would turn anchorite; we would retire to some secluded cave, and there, over a moderate allowance of the choicest wheat whisky, would we strictly meditate the thanklessness of man. What more, we beg leave to ask in behalf of an injured old gentleman and outraged O. P. F. would the Seceders have of the President? Has he not been theirs—corps, unmentionables and all? Do they know a friend when they have one? For them

a Poet Functionary has given up reputation, self-approval, a respectable place in history, a reelection, sound sleep, a good appetite? What more would they have? Do they want their servant, just sinking into the gaping grave, to close his chequered existence by committing a great many enormous perjuries? Will they not be fond of him unless he will forswear himself? Will they keep no faith with this too confiding ally? He has loved them to dotting, and what is his reward? Poor, old man!

Senator Seward, in his speech of Thursday last, declares his readiness to renounce Republican principles for the sake of the Union. In this readiness the Senator differs totally from the almost incomparable majority of the Republican party, and from the President elect. They regard these principles as sacred. They will not forswear them at the bidding of a world of seceding and treasonable slaveholders. They see no necessity to choose between them; but if such a choice must be made, they prefer their principles to fifty Unions.

The only perfectly sane and patriotic man who spoke in the Democratic Convention at Albany last week, was Judge Clinton of Buffalo. The Convention, however, warmly disapproved of what he said. Its consistency was thus perfectly maintained.

THE LATEST NEWS, RECEIVED BY MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1861.

THE COMPROMISES. The Compromise-act-constituted Congress meets to-morrow at Willard's Dancing Hall. John Tyler, of immortal memory, will be President. There are few or no Republicans in it, and those whom it numbers are likely to be early ashamed of their business, and retire.

A REPUBLICAN DEMONSTRATION.

Notwithstanding the compromising aspect of things, there is likely to be a decided Republican demonstration here before many days. There would have been a very emphatic expression of opinion by Republican Senators on the day of Mr. Seward's speech on the New-York petition, but for the fact that Mr. Mason was awarded the floor instead of Mr. Fessenden. It cannot be long postponed. Gov. Chase arrived this morning. He is explicit against the compromises.

J. S. P.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1861.

THE NEW-ORLEANS MINT.

Great indignation is felt at the seizure and robbery of the Mint in New Orleans by the Secessionists. Gen. Dix gave the Adams Express an order ten days ago to draw \$350,000 of \$300,000 of silver bullion and coin in the hands of the Sub-Treasurer. That officer feigned some excuse for delay, when the Express agent proposed to take part of it at once, as the whole amount weighed nine tons, and would require five or six days for transportation. This suggestion was declined, and on Friday he was informed that the State authorities had appropriated the Mint and money. Gen. Dix telegraphed to the Sub-Treasurer yesterday, after receiving this intelligence, to have it verified officially. There is no doubt of collusion between Federal and State officers, and the robbery is believed to have been advised from here.

THE REVENUE CUTTERS.

An agent from the Treasury Department was recently dispatched to Mobile and New-Orleans with instructions to save the two Revenue cutters at those points, if possible. The *Louisiana* was at Mobile, and he probably reached there too late, as she is reported to have been taken. The *Robert McClelland*, the finest cutter in the service, was near New-Orleans when the agent started. As no coincidence was placed in her captain, Gen. Dix's instructions required the first lieutenant to assume command, and if the captain resisted to arrest him for mutiny. If the agent reached his destination in time to communicate with the cutter, she is probably saved to the Government, otherwise she has doubtless been betrayed, after the example at Charleston.

THE DUTY ON SUGAR.

There is a strong disposition to repeat the duty on sugar, which gives twenty-four per cent protection to a State in open rebellion against the Government. The \$7,000,000 revenue from that source can be raised by a loan, if necessary, for a year or two, until Louisiana returns to her allegiance. When this item was before the Special Tariff Committee of the Senate, Messrs. Hunter and Gwin, who had not attended any of the meetings, were brought in by Mr. Bigler and voted to retain the protection, though both are free-traders. The conspirators are for making the most out of the government they are plotting to overthrow. This duty must be repealed.

COL. HAYNE'S COMMUNICATION.

Col. Hayne made his formal communication to the President yesterday. So far from demanding the surrender of Fort Sumter as the ultimatum, the tone is quite pacific and conciliatory. Gov. Pickens and the State authorities do not desire a collision, and have exerted their influence to prevent it. The outside pressure is for fight, but this recklessness has been restrained by those who know that it would involve a large loss of life without accomplishing the object. Fort Sumter cannot be taken with the force and appliances now before it.

FORT SUMTER.

Major Anderson informed the War Department yesterday that his former contractor for provisions was again supplying the garrison, and his force was in good condition, and abundantly furnished under this arrangement.

INSUBORDINATION AMONG THE REBELS.

An officer of the navy, just from Pensacola, states that great insubordination exists among the volunteer troops, and some of them were dispersing and returning home disgusted. He heard a private in one company denounce his commander as a coward, and worse. Fort Pickens was constructed under the supervision of Major Chase, who now commands the insurgents. He knows its strength, which may explain the indisposition to attack it.

THE VIRGINIA CONFERENCE.

A large number of Commissioners to the peace Congress have arrived, and principally from the border States. They are about as harmonious in opinion as their Representatives in Congress. Three members of Gen. Taylor's Cabinet, Messrs. Johnson, Ewing, and Meredith, are among them. The Republican Legislature of New-Jersey have sent a delegation to represent their opinions, as

against the Doughfaces selected by the majority. Gov. Chase is on the ground.

THE PROTECTION OF THE CAPITAL.

Another company of flying artillery reached here this morning, much to the discomfort of the conspirators, who would like to seize the capital and public departments without opposition, and have the advantage of that possession to give them prestige in seeking recognition abroad. Disappointment makes them maddened.

Jacob Thompson testified before the Special Committee that various plans of the Secessionists had been discussed in his presence, and sometimes at his house, by leading men, and others of less prominence, which contemplated, first, the seizure of this capital; second, means to prevent the counting of the Presidential votes, and third, resistance to Mr. Lincoln's inauguration. He stated that he regarded these propositions as foolish and criminal, and believed they had latterly been abandoned, and all efforts concentrated upon separate State action, which he justified and approved. His policy would lead to the same results, by different means, because, if Virginia and Maryland can be coerced into disunion, the design is to reclaim Washington as a part of the territory of the latter.

Gen. Scott dined with the President yesterday, which is a sufficient answer to the rumors of their disagreement.

Mr. Buchanan has finally given the entire control of the protection of this city to the War Department, and no longer supervises the orders as heretofore. Mr. Holt and Gen. Scott have the best understanding, and perfect security and peace are now guaranteed.

THE SUPREME COURT VACANCY.

Several Republican Senators have been approached to know if they would confirm Judge Black, should he be nominated for the Supreme Court. Mr. Bigler did not get much encouragement. When Mr. Buchanan was Secretary of State under Mr. Polk, he had a vacancy on that Bench kept open four months for his own accommodation by the Democratic majority in the Senate. We propose to suspend it for thirty days.

CONSUL TO LIVERPOOL.

Geo. McHenry of Philadelphia has been nominated Consul to Liverpool.

THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Skinner and Childs, the two Chief Clerks of the Bureau, will act as First and Second Assistants of the Postmaster-General, in consequence of Mr. King's promotion to the head of the Department.

VIRGINIA.

Much doubt is expressed concerning the Virginia election to-morrow; but the belief is the Secessionists will carry it, as both parties